



THE QUILL

AN OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE ENGLISH DEPARTMENT, PACHHUNGA UNIVERSITY COLLEGE

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Editorial Board favourite books corner:

Sawma:

*Brave New
World*
- Aldous Huxley

Afia:

*The Book of
Psalms*

Ilha:

1984
- George Orwell

Candle:

*The Ocean at the
End of the Lane*
- Neil Gaiman

Alexis:

Malice
- Danielle Steele

Omomi:

*Mistress of the
Game*
- Sidney Sheldon

RENDEZVOUS

- H. Lalfakawmi (5th Sem)

I sat in the corner and watched as Jane professed her love to Gim and so did Gim to Jane. They knew not that I was there and for that I was grateful. I like to watch people, I like listening to their voices, how they behave, how they express their emotions and of all that I love the idea of escaping my own reality and living in other's reality for awhile. But I must say I'm disappointed with Jane and Gim. How could they exploit 'love' so easily, how could they say that they love each other while their eyes betrayed them. Oh! Those eyes... I knew from the secret glimpse Gim passed Emma that Emma was his true love. Those glimpses told so many stories and meant so much more than those 'I love you's'. I wonder why Gim would rather stay with Jane while he fell for another girl and then there was Jane, I saw her eying the barista for awhile now. Oh!! Last but not the least, Emma, there sitting timidly as if someone was going to pounce at her anytime soon, she looked like she would be anywhere other than where she sat.

The world we lived in is such a crazy world. I sometimes find it hard to understand. So as I watched Jim, Emma and Jane, I tried to figure something out, I wondered what would happen if Gim and Jane broke up? If Jim told Emma that he loved her if Emma became confident and strong, if Emma became more and more confused. So with a painful regret

realized that, just a girl sitting in the corner would never truly understand 'love'. So, I picked up my bag and left the Coffee place. I walked out of the door and had a final glance at the three strangers whom I would never meet again for I knew nothing about them other than what I saw.

P. S You must know that I love giving names to strangers whom I came across with. It's really interesting by the way, it provides spice to my boring life.

I a.m

Evening sky, set with my thoughts,
Dear wind, blow my conscience away.
Couldn't navigate her maze of misery;
Didn't understand her soft silence.
Doesn't just happen;
Of all people, should've known.
A thousand books can't explain;
A million songs won't ease.
Cease sadism and open ears,
Gather for black ceremony.
Is her grave humorous?
How comedic are your words today?
Should've done more, could've done more...
It couldn't not matter more.
Words can kill,
Tears can't revive.
Consequence in statements,
Little effect in grief.
Under blizzards of hypocrisy,
No shelter for the warm blooded.

Pachhunga University College
Aizawl, Mizoram



Coordinator
Internal Quality Assurance Cell
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Aizawl, Mizoram
(A constituent college of Mizoram University)

"We should not judge of a man's merit by his great abilities, but by the use he makes of them."

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Teacher-in-charge : Dr. Rebecca Angom

END SEMESTER EXAM ROUTINE:

Ist Semester:

5/11 : General English
 12/11: English (Core)
 16/11: Psychology
 20/11: Public Administration
 23/11: Sociology

IIIrd Semester:

6/11 : MIL
 Alternative English
 9/11 : English (Core)
 13/11 : Public Administration
 16/11 : Sociology
 21/11 : Psychology

Vth Semester:

6/11 : Paper V
 13/11 : Paper VI
 15/11 : Paper VII
 19/11 : Paper VIII

Principal

Pachhunga University College
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GOOD LUCK !!!



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SangZuali

WHY?

Why do we lie
 And bury the dirt?
 Why does the sky cry,
 Does it too feel hurt?

Why suffer alone?
 Why hurt at all?
 Our feelings are gone,
 We're numb from the fall.

Why does the sun shine?
 Doesn't it get tired?
 We all say we're fine,
 But we're all just liars.

Life sometimes hurts
 Doesn't mean it's the end.
 Forget the bad parts
 It's all just pretend.

Why not stay happy?
 Why not stay glad?
 Why don't we encourage
 Instead of just being sad?
 Built in emotions
 Flowing from the brink.
 Why not let it out?
 Why not let people in?
 Stop wondering about
 Whether you'll fit in.

Be daring, be different,
 Be strange or insane,
 Why do we hold back
 No person is the same.

"The ending end of all earthly learning is virtuous action."

REMINISCING

It was a cold tuesday morning when a little piece of her imagination torched her reality again, as it often does in her life some years ago. The clouds were heavy with rain, ready for another pour in the June air... The oddness of the situation can't help but remind her of what her environmental science teacher's passionate words about the climate now in this day and age teaches her last Friday. Shaking her head in silent mirth, she smiled down at her book with tendered familiarity when the murmur from the entrance of the cafe brought her attention away from the worn out book on her hand.

A year or so had passed since we last met. The unsure smile on your face and the hesitance in your usual confident

stride as you walk towards my table remind me once more that I have willingly cut off all our means of communication, the thought of these facts made me cringe internally as that easy smile plays across your face. Once more I am reminded of the reason why that pretty girl in your arm cling so possessively to you, I know why she does that. I shall never admit to these thoughts, though.

I'm now a full head and a swan neck shorter than you and the curious lack of the flower sketch on your long fingers along with the beauty on your right remind me where we stand. The tousled hair and dark jacket were familiar to me, so is the smell of cinnamon and sandalwood. We talk and laugh of days past and loved ones we shared. As the minute turned into hours and the sizzling chocolate froze, you offered me a ride home.

You haven't changed one bit, so I said no.

- Zozoi Ralte(5th Sem)

The dark of the night

Silence

The click of the camera

Silence

The loud music

Silence

None! Music to my ears

It stays to pass

It passes to stay -

Silence

All dreadful and hideous

Yet acting -

All holy and divine

It's just you and I

Holy Silence!

Grant me pain

As always And I'll exhibit pleasure

Until dawn -

Until the last cock crows.

There is something strangely
enchanting about old books

The faded covers

The yellowed torn pages

The old and moldy smell

The dust collected in the corners

The doodles and inscriptions by
previous owners

And most of all

The comforting familiarity of the
words

making you want to snuggle up
into

the pages

Breathing in the scent

And just stay there

For a long time...

Principal

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I Write About Me Because No One Else Ever Did

- Tluangpuii Varte

The harder I try, the farther I get from truly knowing myself. As narcissistic as it may sound, I am utterly obsessed with myself, not unlike most people. I want to know why I act and think the way I do. I tend to overanalyse my actions, which leads to further confusion because these actions cannot be categorised within a specific type of personality.

I myself am very contradicting. I can be a gentle, loving person towards people but I can also be abruptly blunt and straightforward to these same people. I sometimes love and hate the same person or thing at the same time. I hate my life but I love it too much to throw it away. I hate myself but I get offended when others hate me. I either feel nothing or feel everything. I'm either too happy or too sad. Often, there is no in between.

I want to know if my happy moments are just a mask that I subconsciously put over my sad self or if I'm genuinely happy. As a child, it was easier to tell between happy and sad but age has blurred the once clear line between the two. I am now at a point in my life where I can't tell if I'm happy or not.

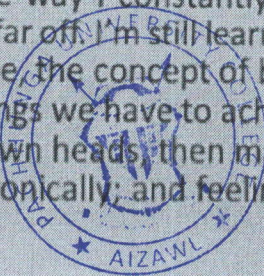
I know I'm not special or different because everyone is and in that sense, we all are ordinary. I do not want to be extraordinary. I only want to find myself and embrace her when I do so. Perhaps she has become a memory. I like to think that she was so happy during March that she decided to stay there forever, in the past. Now I'm just a soul, stuck in this body with no real identity, looking for a spontaneous event that will help me suddenly rediscover myself. Maybe I'll never find myself again. If I don't, will I still be enough?

I often wonder if I'm enough. What is "enough"? Who sets the "enough" bar anyway, and why is it so high? To me, "being enough" to a certain extent means having friends you would choose and who would choose you back if the situation demanded so.

A past time memory that entered my head this morning hasn't quite intended to leave yet. We were in class eight. Our teacher had given us an assignment that day to write an essay on "My Best Friend". I wrote about a person who was sitting across the room. She was someone I considered a best friend. I still remember parts of the essay because I had put so much effort into it. We were then asked to read out our essays to the whole class. When it was my turn, I read the essay with so much enthusiasm. When it was my best friend's turn, I came to learn that our feelings weren't quite mutual. She had written about this other person that I had never even heard of.

This may seem like a small detail, something not worth fretting over. However, over the years, a pattern developed. I met new people and I was genuinely nice to them in my own way, but my efforts seemed meaningless and were never reciprocated. I sometimes wonder if this is why I get so protective over the few people that I get to call friends now, or why I push people away just to rob them of their chance at pushing me away or why I hurt people because I'm scared of getting hurt.

Maybe I'll never know why I feel the way I constantly do. Maybe I AM enough and I just don't know it or maybe I'm still really far off. I'm still learning everyday. I'm still trying everyday to be "enough" but maybe, just maybe, the concept of being enough is one that we make up on our own. If we believe that the things we have to achieve in order to "be enough" are just expectations that we weave in our own heads, then maybe the idea would cease to exist all together and we would be enough, ironically, and feeling like you're enough is the first step towards finding yourself.



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